

The Tragedie

In the maine battell, whose puissance on either side
Shall bee well winged with our chiefest horse?
This, and Saint George to boote, what thinkest thou not.

Nor. A good direction warlike soueraigne, *He sheweth
him a paper.*
This found I one my tent this morning.

*Lackey of Norfolk, be not so bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.*

King. A thing deuised by the enemy,
Goe Gentlemen euery man vnto his charge,
Let not our babling dreames affright our soules,
Conscience is a word that towards vs,
Deuils deas first to keepe the strong in awe,
Our strong armes be our consciences, our swords our lawe,
March on, ioyne brauely, let vs too it pell arell,
If not to heauen, then hand in hand to hell, *His oration
to his army.*
What shall I say more then I haue inforde,
Remember who you are in cope withall,
A sort of vababonds, Rascals, and run-awayes,
A scum of Brittaines, and base lackey peasants,
Whome their ore cloyed countrey vomits forth
To desperate aduentures and assur'd destruction,
You sleeping safe they bring you to vnrest:
You hauing lands, and blest with beaurious wiues,
They would restraine the one, distaine the other,
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow?
Long kept in Brittain at our mothers cost,
A milke-sop one that neuer in his life
Felt so much cold as ouer shoes in snow:
Lets whip these straglers ore the seas againe,
Lash hence these ouerweening rags of France,
These famisht beggers weary of their liues,
Who but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of meanes poore rats had hang'd themselves.
If we be conquered let men conquer vs,
And not these bastard Brittaines whom our fathers
Haue in their owne land beaten, bob'd and thumpt,
And on record left them the heire of shame.
Shall these enioy our lands, lie with our wiues?
Rauish our daughters, harke I heare there drum,

of Richard the Third.

Right Gentlemen of England fight boldly yeomen,
Draw Archers, draw you arowes to the head,
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood,
Amaze the welkin with your broken stauies,
What saies Lord Stanley will he bring his power?

Me. My Lord he doth deny to come.

King. Off with his soane Georges head.

Nor. My Lord the enemy is past the marsh,
After the battell let George Stanley die.

King. A thousand hearts are great with in my bosome,
Aduance our standards, set vpon our foet,
Our ancient word of courage faire Saint George
Inspire vs with the speene of fiery Dragons,
Vpon them, victory sits one our helpees.

Alarm excursions, Enter Catesby.

Cat. Rescew my Lord of Norfolk, rescew rescew,
The King enacts more wonders then a man,
Daring an opposite to euery danger,
His horse is slaine, and all one foote he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death,
Rescew, faire Lord, or else the day is lost. *Enter Richmond.*

King. A horse, a horse my Kingdome for a horse.

Cat. Withdraw my Lord, ile helpe you to a horse.

King. Slaue I haue set my life vpon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die,
I thinke there be fixe Richmonds in the field,
Fie! haue I slaine to day instead of him.

A horse, a horse, my kingdome for a horse:

*Alarm, Enter Richard & Richmond, they fight, Richard
slaine then retreat being sounded. Enter Richmond. D.
bearing the Crowne with other Lords.*

Rich. God and your arme be praised victorious frier,
The day is ours the bloudie dog is dead.

Dar. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit the
Loe heere this long vsurped royalties,
From the dead temples of this bloudy wretch,
Haue I pluckt off to grace thy browes with all,
Weare it, and make much of it.

Rich. Great God of heanen say Amen to all,